

Something something angsty Agent 4 boss battle idea I had

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Something something angsty Agent 4 boss battle idea I had

by [AxolKat42](#)

Summary

Idk, I was just listening to some random edit audios and I suddenly had the idea to write a fanfic where Agent 4 willingly sanitizes themself.

Side Note: I wrote this before that poster for Side Order was revealed.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Eight was nearly at the top of the Spire Of Order. He lost contact with Pearl and Dedfish a while ago and had been climbing the tall structure in a harsh effort to find them. Eight was starting to lose his faith in ever making out of there, so losing Pearl only dampened his mood further. Dedfish was alright and all, but they brought up a lot of thoughts of the Deepsea Metro that he did not want to remember. And them disappearing while he was busy fighting off a hoard of those strange fish didn't help anything.

It was only when the elevator came to a harsh halt with the lights going out that he was brought out of his thoughts. The doors opened to reveal a platform similar to the elevator he used to reach the surface all those years ago. Only this time, there were four platforms instead of two. Everything was a sleek shade of black with futuristic turquoise accents as opposed to being all white like everything else he had seen.

Eight kept a hold on his dualies before stepping onto the platform. If he were to hazard a guess, this was likely how he would make it to the final floor to put an end to it all. The lift started to rise incredibly slowly as a much slower version of the jingle he heard in previous ride played. Eight swore he could even hear the cries of his fallen comrades glitch in and out. After what felt like centuries, the ride came to a stop. All of this was ringing to many bells at once.

Suddenly, an inkling had super jumped right in front of him. But this wasn't any other inkling. This was his teammate in the Squidbeak Splatoon, Agent Four. Even with their back turned to him, he could sense something was wrong. Their ink color was a lot more duller and their side swept tentacles were a lot messier than before.

They turned around and stared at him with a much more serious look than normal. "Wow, you really made it," They began, "I had a feeling you'd get here."

"Four...?" Eight was stunned as he had never heard them speak before.

"Let me guess, you're here because you wanna find your friends, don't you?" They chuckled as a small and possibly sadistic smirk plagued their lips. "Never even dared to think about me..."

Four had grabbed something from the pocket of their hoodie. It was a clear tube that contained a very peculiar turquoise substance. The very same substance that he had to fight like hell to avoid. It had corrupted over ten-thousand octarians and even some of his closest allies. And every part of it was made by a single genocidal telephone with a vendetta against what laid on the surface. He took a step back as he realized the full gravity of the situation.

"You know, everyone back home always cared about *you* more than they did for *me*." They began as they took a step towards the shaking octoling, "They just *adored you* when you first came to the surface. All their praise and love went to *you*."

Four had gritted their teeth in rage as they said that last word. "And what did I get for putting my life on the line, at only thirteen years old to save Inkopolis's primary source of energy and some preppy pop star I didn't even know?! Just a simple pat on the back and a single '*good*'

job Agent Four' before her and her cousin fucked off to cod knows where!" If their rage wasn't clear before, it certainly was now. Eight was worried with the current state that Four was currently in. He'd never seen them act like this before in the few times they had interacted. Were they really this upset over everything?

"F-four, I'm sorry-"

"SHUT UP!" Four had cut him off with a scream that likely could've rivaled Pearl's. "I've had enough of everyone pushing me to the side in favor of you! I had to fight thousands of your species when I should've been out there making friends and participating in turf wars! But now, I'm stuck in a **literal dead end job** where I could actually **die** and not even get a single dollar from it!" Tears had started to stream down Four's face as they ranted about how their life had taken a turn for the worst. Their clutch on the tube was a lot tighter than it was before, and Eight could swear he saw cracks starting to form on the glass.

He took a step towards them, reaching his hand towards them in an attempt to get them to calm down. "Four... I had no idea you felt this way. But I know that things can get better if-"

"If I just talked to someone? Tried doing that but anytime I asked for help, suddenly everyone was busy!" Four had cut him off once again as they started laughing manically. They were not in a mood to negotiate with their coworker. "I will no longer have to deal with any of this crap anymore. No more people pushing me to the side, no more putting my life on the line for some stupid city. Nothing will matter anymore!"

Eight was absolutely horrified at what he was witnessing. He had seen similar outbursts from other soldiers back in the octarian army, but never anything this extreme. It was only as the laughing started to die out that he noticed Four was unscrewing the lid to the container.

"Hey Eight," Four begun as their cracked. "You remember when you had to fight Three in the Metro?" Eight already knew what was about to happen, but a part of him was hoping this wasn't real. "Well, I guess you're gonna have to kill me if you wanna get out!" It was at that very moment that Four broke the canister open. The sludge that was contained within had surrounded the inkling before evaporating as quickly as it appeared.

Four's ink color had changed to a bright shade of turquoise with their eyes shifting to the same color. A blob of the substance had started to surround their left eye and even started to form a pair of horns upon their head. Claws had even started to form at their hands with the sludge

"YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO TRY HARDER THAN LAST TIME!"

End Notes

Update: Ok so turns out that Agent 4 doesn't actually show up in Side Order. I'm still kinda pissed about it but I might just use this as a base for my first creepypasta.

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